

[P. 184a] Chuckchase!

579 a group of Chukchansi who went over to the
674 Coast Range to steal horses from the "Mexicans."
About seven or more men would go, walking all
the way, and be gone for as much as six or
seven months.

[262] They would first steal clothing and horses
[492] to ride on. Then they would be ready to secure
a herd of horses to bring back for food. On
the return, when they safely reached the crest
of the Coast Range, they would pause to divide
their spoils.

Once when they were just about to make a
halt for this purpose, Xoisin looked back and
saw Mexicans (Spaniards) with guns on their
trail. They dropped the clothing, left the
horses, and ran for cover. Xoisin and a com-
panion were trapped in a bad place. The Mexi-
cans shot and wounded them both, but the pair
of Indians had arrows with which they hit
several of the attackers. They took turns
shooting. This continued all day until the
Mexicans ran out of bullets; they then asked
the Indians "what they were, that they couldn't
kill them or anything." Meanwhile other
[152] Indians were above on the hill, weeping because
they thought their two companions had been
killed. After the Mexicans left, Xoisin and
his friend came out and joined the others on
the hill.

[262] Then they came home. Later they went to
steal horses from another but nearer locality.
Stolen horses were used for food: both C.D.
and M.W. have eaten horse meat.

The following account from J.R. is not
dated, but it might have occurred sometime be-
tween 1819 and 1860: as early as 1819 Estu-
dillo⁹⁷ referred to the devastating effects of
native horse-raiders on the Spanish herds in
the northern San Joaquin Valley; after 1860
white encroachment was probably too advanced to
permit of such extensive forays.

[484] People went over west, across the San
Joaquin Valley to steal horses. They almost
traveled day and night. They took a little
something in the belt to eat, maybe.⁹⁸ They
would be gone a week or a month, when they went
stealing horses. When they got hungry they
would make a little fire, kill a horse. They
would go down by Madera, across the valley,
cross the water [the sloughs and main stream of
the San Joaquin River], then the mountains [the
Coast Range]. They might not have been there
before. But they got there: found a way
across the water, across the mountain, found
some horses to steal, or something. People
over there owned lots of horses. They stayed
there till sundown, after they had seen the
horses, seen how many there were. After night
came and people were in bed, they caught a

⁹⁷Gayton, Estudillo, Bl ff.

⁹⁸Presumably in a small leather pouch slung through the
belt, as was the custom with other Yokuts travelers.

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579 horse, got on it, drove a bunch of horses this way, back across the water at the same ford, and so on across the valley and back up here. Maybe at Picayune they would kill two horses for the Indians there. Brought the rest up here. Maybe some people wanted a horse, so they didn't kill that one, but kept it to ride. When those horses were all eaten up, some time, they would go down again.

224 When they had horses here, they would go down below Raymond to the valley for elk. There they would separate into two parties and go around in a circle. Maybe they would see the elk going ahead of them. The elk would go faster than the horses. So they didn't run after the elk, but went sideways to head them off; drove them, thus, in the direction they wanted. They could see a long way, for this was on the plain. They never chased the elk directly, but at an angle; made them go in the direction they wanted. Then they closed in on them. The riders had no saddles, only a little rope (a ja quima, presumably). But they had guns. When they had caught up with the elk, they couldn't get away. When one tried to break through, a man would shoot it through the heart. Then they let it go. They would find it later. They had to attend to the others that weren't yet shot. Later, when all had been caught or had got away, they went back to find those that had been shot and left to fall. They left none of that meat there; it was all brought up here.

579 Such raids were made occasionally in the summer, possibly in the spring, but J.R. thinks only in the summer season.

Fishing

226 Chuckchansi people used to go down to Gashowu and Kechayi territory (near Friant) to spear salmon on the San Joaquin River. They had their own fish camp, as had other tribes, right at the river. Salmon were always speared with a harpoon. J.R. did not know what was used for a point before nails were introduced; sharply filed nails are now used. In the harpoon, the point is loose in the shaft head but fastened to the pole with a string five or six feet long. When a fish is speared the point comes off the shaft head and the pole, remains in the fisher's hand. The pole (spear shaft or handle) was about six feet long. When the fish was pulled in, it was knocked on the head with a stone; then the forefinger was inserted in the wound and the toggle-point extricated.

226 When several men fished together they divided their catch at the riverbank; there might be about two fish to a man. The fish were run through the gills by a withe, which was then twisted onto itself and slung over the shoulder. At the camp a good coal fire was ready, and one salmon would be slit open and roasted for immediate eating; this would serve four or five men.

the river toward the east, then going about 4 leagues we turned south [copy 000 of Nov. 19: and crossed another time] and found signs of there having been a rancharia. There were parts of dead horses there and a sweat house of considerable capacity. Going 4 leagues more, and almost in front of my halting place of the day before, he pointed out on the other shore of the river a great willow thicket and tular, saying that it [the Chaneche rancharia] was on those banks. We went there and found four old balsas which we could not use. I had to cross by swimming and maneuvering about [bola pie] with considerable trouble because of the obstacles, the great density of trees, willows and *sorzaros* on both sides. It was necessary to enter partly on canes [? *entrar en parte arrojados*] as far as the rancharia, which was found abandoned. It was composed solely of the same tules, their ends bent [?, *dobladas sus puntas*] like those I had seen on the shores of the river and sloughs, the miserable huts all scattered and without any order.

From this native I learned that at this Rancharia of Chineches all the renegade Christians from Santa Cruz, Santa Clara, San Francisco, and Soledad had gathered in a considerable number. [He said] that Pomponio, Baltazar, and a Clareño came to it frequently; that six days ago they arrived with twelve horses and a piece of cloth that they had stolen in the neighborhood of the town and mission of Santa Clara. [He said] that when he retreated he left them there, and they had not as yet seen us; that since they always rode bareback they had no halters.

All the San Joaquin River and the arroyo of Santa Rita is studded with groves of a very large species of willow. In the largest the natives knew to watch in such a way over a great distance, for so large is this plain which they call Los Tulares that anyone is seen who comes on foot, or still better, on horseback. Today we made 12 leagues with considerable trouble because of our exposure.

Wednesday, 10.—It now seemed impracticable to continue north to the Merved River in search of an Indian village, which, according to my calculations would be 12 leagues away. For as I see it, it would have been already abandoned for many days by both natives and the renegade Christians who live with them. They would be hidden in the tules and swamps whose inviolability is a complete certainty, the more so since they carry nothing with them, and get about easily with their knowledge of the country. And already having news of this and the San Francisco expedition they would take special precautions, not even making the fires which they usually make when traveling [copy of Nov. 19: with which they are accustomed to signal when our people are traveling] on the plain. Considering the time wasted, I resolved to return to the Presidio.

Started at 6 A.M. guided by the same Indian, going toward the east [? *oriente*; copy of Nov. 19 does not give the direction] for the Santa Rita River. I reached there at 4 P.M. having gone 11 leagues through swamps, etc.

I learned from this native named Lutuaya, and from the Indian interpreters whom I brought from Soledad that in that mission he had two Chris-

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